



IT HAD TO BE SOMEBODY WHO'D PLOW DEEP AND STRAIGHT AND NOT CUT CORNERS; SOMEBODY TO SEED, WEED, FEED, BREED AND RAKE AND DISC AND PLOW AND PLANT AND TIE THE FLEECE AND STRAIN THE MILK AND REPLENISH THE SELF-FEEDER AND FINISH A HARD WEEK'S WORK WITH A FIVE-MILE DRIVE TO CHURCH; SOMEBODY WHO WOULD BALE A FAMILY TOGETHER WITH THE SOFT STRONG BONDS OF SHARING, WHO WOULD LAUGH, AND THEN SIGH, AND THEN REPLY, WITH SMILING EYES, WHEN HIS SON SAYS THAT HE WANTS TO SPEND HIS LIFE "DOING WHAT DAD DOES." SO, GOD MADE A FARMER.



IN LOVING MEMORY OF C. JOHN ANDERSON

Born to John "Herman" and Anna Anderson
October 28, 1938 ~ Williston, North Dakota

Peacefully Passed Away
January 12, 2025 ~ Watford City, North Dakota

Funeral Services
Saturday, January 25, 2025 at 1:00 pm
Banks Lutheran Church ~ Banks, North Dakota
Luncheon to Follow

Officiating
Sherri Heser

Casketbearers
Collin Anderson Tanner Kruckenberg Ben Anderson
Steve Morin Tim Partin Brandon Mercer Scottie Hart

Ushers
Greg Elliot Rex Korslein

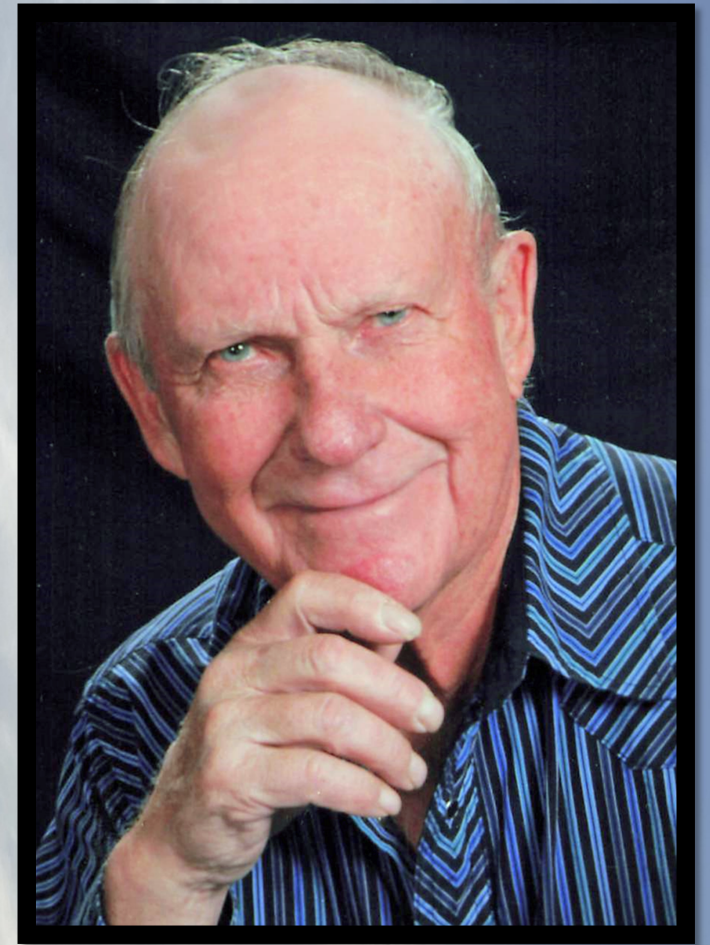
Honorary Casketbearers
Emilie Morin Amanda Kruckenberg Nicole Mercer
Jami Anderson Betsy Anderson
All of C. John's Step Grandkids

Music
"In The Garden" "How Great Thou Art"
"Go Rest High On That Mountain" "Amazing Grace"
Garrett Gudmunsen ~ Vocalist and Guitar
Trish Skoglund ~ Pianist

Reader
Rob Favorite

Final Resting Place
Banks Lutheran Cemetery ~ Banks, North Dakota

Arrangements By
Fulkerson Stevenson Funeral Home
Watford City, North Dakota



IN LOVING MEMORY OF
C. JOHN ANDERSON
OCTOBER 28, 1938 -
JANUARY 12, 2025





Carl John Anderson was born on October 28th, 1938, to Herman and Anna Anderson. Herman was a childless bachelor of 62 and Anna was a widow in her mid-40s, with 8 children of her own when they married. It's safe to say John may have been a bit of a surprise. However, his parents doted on him, completing their newly formed, large family. His eight brothers and sisters eventually scattered throughout the county and beyond, but John grew up and, minus a few years as a young married man, remained on the farm until his final days.

CJ, C John, or just John, whichever name you wanted to call him, as he answered to all, went to school in Watford City, where he met a young Violet Lucille Johnson. The prom King and Queen seemed destined to be a love story for the ages. After high school, Violet went away to college and started dating a smooth-talking, wanna-be preacher. After receiving a "Dear John" letter from Violet, John knew he didn't want to miss his second chance. When Violet came home for Christmas break, John offered her a ring and a vision of their life. She looked into John's steely blue eyes and the rest was history.

John and Violet were married the next year, on August 30, 1958. The young couple welcomed their first son, Daryl, less than a year later. John and Violet lived in town for a few years with John supporting the family working at several local businesses. But John was a farmer, through and through, and soon the young family moved back to the second-generation farm started by his father in 1907. Daughter Debbie quickly followed into this world, then came two more sons, Doug, and Dean.

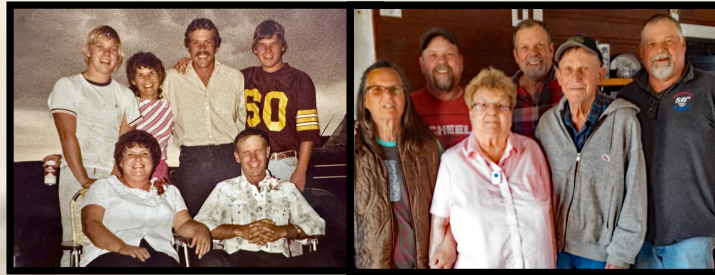
Once he was back home, working full-time as a farmer and rancher, he never wanted to be distracted by responsibilities in town. There were always too many projects at the farm, raising kids, cows, and crops. Each season brought new joys but also challenges.

Drive by any McKenzie County farm and you will see a rock pile. Like rocks plaguing the farmers, lean years came to the family from time to time - drought, grasshoppers or low prices.

When tough times presented themselves, John's work ethic, ingenuity and lifelong partnership with Violet kept the family together.

In return for John's generosity, others were always willing to lend a helping hand. The year Violet needed her gallbladder out, John still managed to get the harvest completed while his best helper was convalescing.

John retired from farming full time in 2000, but that didn't slow him down. He worked for the Weed Board, among other jobs, but the farm was never put on the back burner. Probably his most proud position after "retirement" was helping his son, Dean, when he started farming. Always willing to jump in a combine, move equipment from field to field, or give advice (sometimes it was even asked for).



In 2007, John and Violet threw a party celebrating the 100-year anniversary of the farm and burning their mortgage. Because of their love for John and Violet, family and friends came from near and far to party the night away. A few beers were drunk, and a few shots of blackberry brandy were had with John encouraging everyone to have fun. Good timing was inherent in John, planning the party in late July so they could buy clearance fireworks. Thankfully he knew a lot of men on the Fire Department. The fireworks display in the backyard would rival any 4th of July production.

Never a man to sit idle, eventually he started woodworking in his spare time. Many people in town have a picture frame, a step stool, a lefsa stick, or some other item lovingly made by John's hands.

John was generous with his garden when he was unable to farm full time. Growing world class onions, carrots, and potatoes, he shared the bounty with anyone who stopped by for a visit, and gave generously to the food bank in town.

John knew the end was near when he asked to be admitted to the hospital. Always looking out for the family, it was his suggestion, sparing his wife or children that difficult decision.

Always thinking of others, he made sure to tell which catalog had the best onion sets and how many to plant. He called all the caregivers by name and thanked them. He may have flirted with a few and made jokes with all. And in the end, with music he loved playing in the background, he went peacefully to sleep.

John was sometimes a man of few words. You knew from a glance if you were mowing his yard in the wrong direction or your vegetable rows were not quite straight, trust us on that one. But one thing he never shied away from was telling those he loved how he felt. "I love you" were words frequently heard by everyone around John. He set the example for his kids and grandkids, for his church family and the community.

C. John Anderson passed away peacefully Sunday, January 12, 2024, at the McKenzie County Hospital in Watford City, North Dakota. John was welcomed at the pearly gates by his parents, siblings, and oldest son, Daryl.

We, his surviving family and friends, hold close to our hearts John's strong faith that there are no rocks in the fields and no grasshoppers to eat budding crops. Soft gentle rains come at the right time and only refreshing breezes blow in heaven. We will miss him with our whole hearts. But find comfort together knowing that we were blessed to have his presence for as long as we did, knowing that he is breathing easy now and reunited with his parents and son to farm each heavenly day wrapped in God's loving arms.

He is survived by his loving wife of 66 years, Violet, daughter Debbie (Don and their children and grandchildren), son Doug (Faye and their children and grandchildren), and Dean (Jeni and their children and grandchildren) and daughter-in-law Betsy (along with Daryl's children and grandchildren), and many, many extended family.

